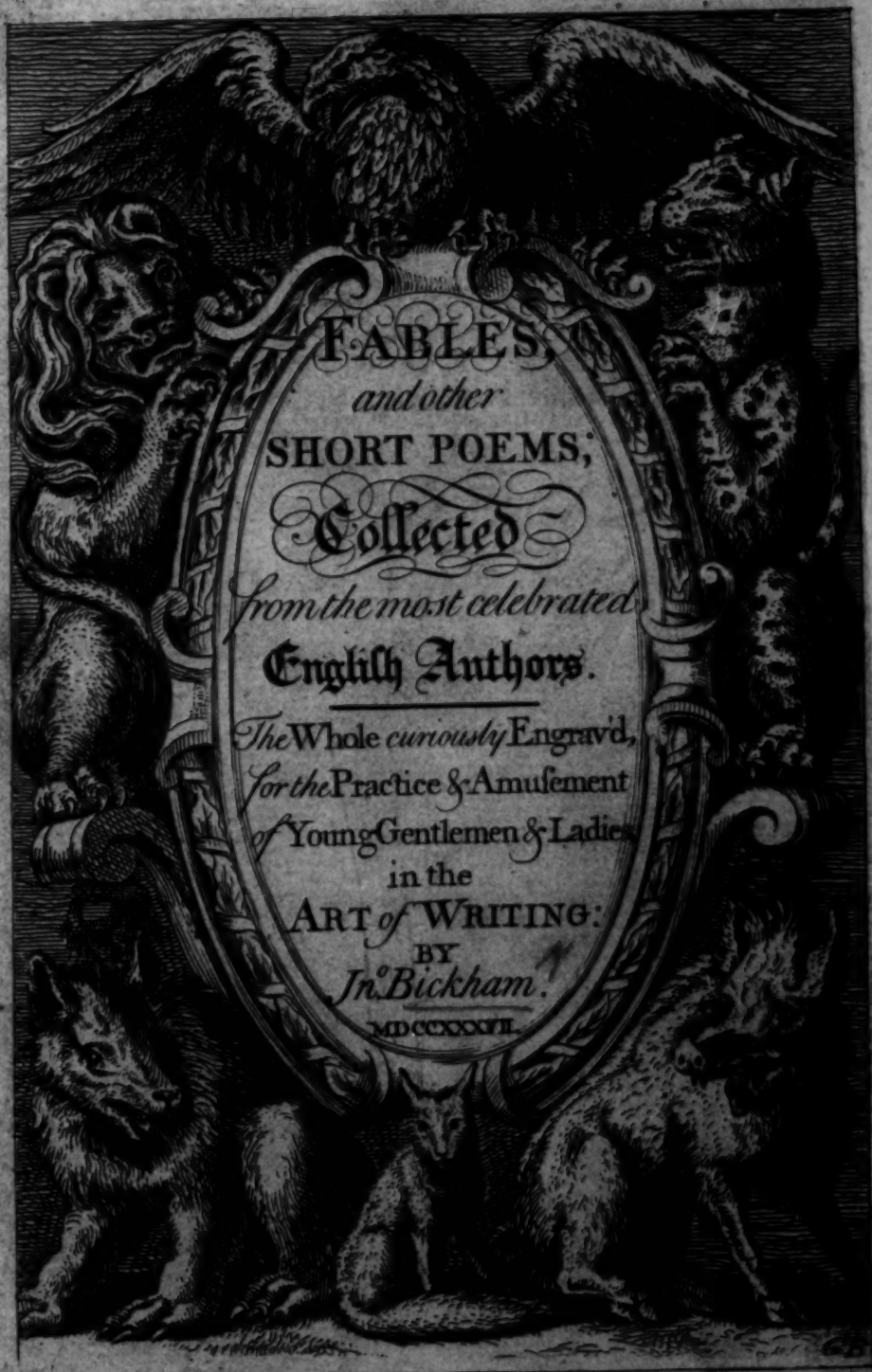




PRINTED and Sold by William and Clier DICEY,
at the Printing-Office in Bow Church-Yard London,
where may be also had Curiously Engrav'd by the
same Hand, the second and third Vols.



*On the Beauty of Fable; Extracted from the
SPECTATOR, by WAY of PREFACE.*

There is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as Advice. We look upon the Man who gives it us, as offering an Affront to Our Understanding. We consider the instruction as an implicit Censure, & the Zeal which any One shows for our Good on such an Occasion, as a piece of Presumption or Impertinence.

For these Reasons, there is Nothing so difficult as the Art of making Advice agreeable. How many Devices have both Antient & Modern writers made use of, to render this bitter potion palatable? Some convey their Instructions to us in the best chosen words; others in y^e most Harmonious Numbers; some in points of Wit; & others in short Proverbs.

*But amongst all the different ways of giving Counsel, I think y^e finest, & that which pleases the most Univerſally, is **FABLE**, in whatsoever Shape it Appears. This way of Instruction excells all others; because it is the least shocking, & the least Subject to Exception.*

*Upon Reading of a Fiction, we are made to believe we Advise our Selves. We peruse the Author for y^e sake of the Story, & consider the Precepts, rather as our own Conclusions, than his Instructions. This Oblique manner of giving Advice is so inoffensive, that we find the Wise Men of Old very often chose to give Counsel to their Kings in **FABLE**.*

The Moral, in short, of an Allegorical Performance insinuates its Self imperceptibly; we are taught by Surprise; and become Wiser & better unawares.





The PHILOSOPHER, and SHEPHERD.

Long liv'd a Swain in high Renown
 For Wisdom, far remote from Town.
 An Hoary Sage his Cottage sought,
 And wondred at his Reach of Thought.
 Say, Shepherd, say, he cry'd, from whence
 Thy Judgment and Superior Sence?
 Hast thou with Books familiar been?
 Or hast thou Study'd Arts and Men?
 The Swain reply'd, with Modest Air,
 Our rural toils are all my Care.

PLATE



No Authors have my Soul refin'd,
Nor have I ever read Mankind.
What little judgment I have gain'd,
From Simple Nature I have drain'd.
By Her, I've all my Actions weigh'd,
And always her Commands Obey'd.
Her Laws alone, if well pursu'd, —
Will make Men Wise, as well as Good.





Moral Sentences.

*Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of Sense.*

*From follies past no Counsels can arise,
But a just caution to become more Wise.*

*Children, like tender Oziers, take the bow,
And, as they first are fashion'd, always grow.*

*In Spite of all the Virtue Women boast,
The fair One that deliberates is lost.*

*In fairest Meadows dangrous adders lie,
And most deceit is clad in Flattery.*

*The fairest Virtues never shine so bright,
As when true Modesty Obscures their Light.*

*All habits Gather by unseen degrees;
As brooks make rivers, rivers swell to Seas.*



FABLE II.



The Lyon, the Tyger, & the Traveller.

*A Tyger, in pursuit of prey,
 Seiz'd COLIN, as he Sleeping lay;
 To his Defence a Lyon flies,
 And at his feet the Tyger dies
 Sire, say'd y^e Swain, your Rage Confine,
 And to your Courage Mercy join—
 Tho' Tyrants keep the World in Awe,
 And make their boundless Will their Law;
 Still they're the Objects of our Hate
 The Prince that's good, is only Great.*



[Faint, illegible handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

Moral Precepts.

Quickly lay hold of time, while in Your pow'r;
 Be careful well to Husband every Hour.
 Despair of Nothing which You would attain;
 Unweary'd diligence Your point will gain.

Delays are dangerous; take a Friend's advice;
 Begin, be bold, and Venture to be Wise.
 He, who defers this Work from Day to Day,
 Does on a River's Bank expecting Stay,
 Till y^e whole stream which stopt him should be gone,
 Which as it Runs, forever will run on.

Let modest Silence be Your chiefest care,
 In all Your conversation: and beware
 Of being over-talkative; and shun
 That lewd, perpetual Motion of the Tongue;
 That Itch of Speaking much; and be content
 That Your discourse, tho' Short, be pertinent.



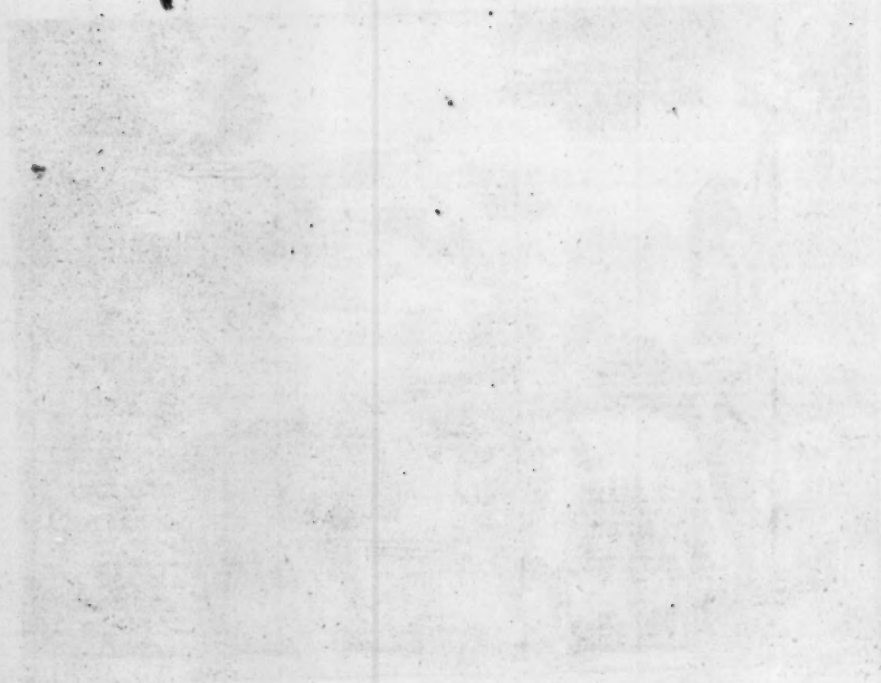


FABLE III.



The Wild Boar, & the Ram.
 Tied to an Elm a Lamb was ty'd;
 In sight of all the Flock, she dy'd.
 See! See the Butcher is in View,
 Cry'd a Wild Boar! Revenge; pursue.
 No, Sir, reply'd an Ancient Ram,
 We are by Nature mild and tame.
 We have no Tusks, like you, to kill;
 We bear with Patience ev'ry ill:
 But when the helpless are Oppress'd,
 Their Wrongs are by the GODS redress'd.

RECEIVED



[Faint, illegible handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

ON LIBERTY.

*Oh Liberty! thou Goddess heavenly bright,
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight:
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train!
 Eas'd of her Load, Subjection grows more light,
 And Poverty looks chearful in thy Sight.
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
 Giv'st Beauty to y^e Sun, and pleasure to y^e Day.*

Adrian's Address to his Departing Soul.

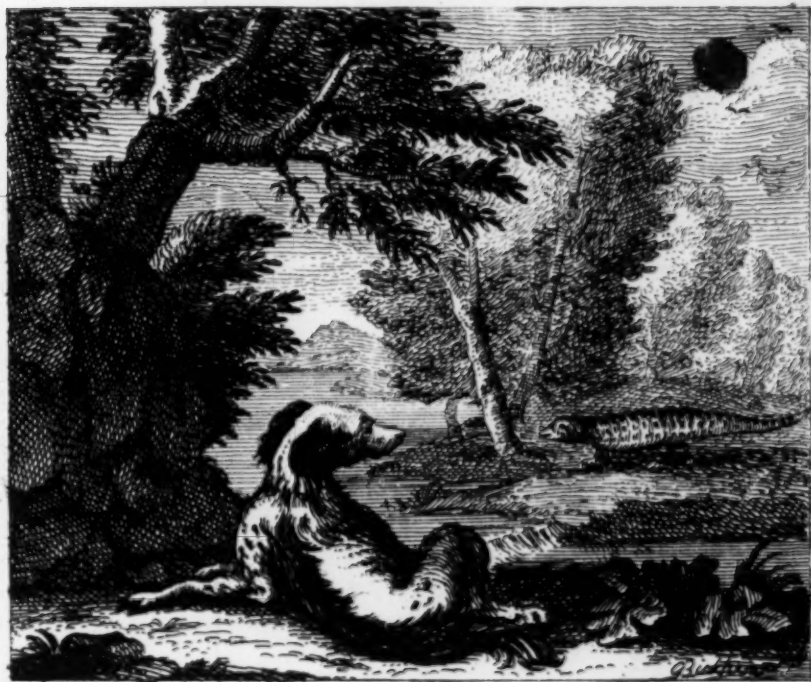
Imitated by M^r Prior.

*Poor, little, pretty, Fluttring Thing,
 Must we no longer Live together?
 And dost thou prune thy trembling Wing,
 To take thy Flight, thou know'st not whither?*

*Thy humorous Vein, thy pleasing Folly,
 Lyes all neglected, all forgot;
 And pensive, wavring, melancholy,
 Thou dread'st & hop'st, thou know'st not what.*

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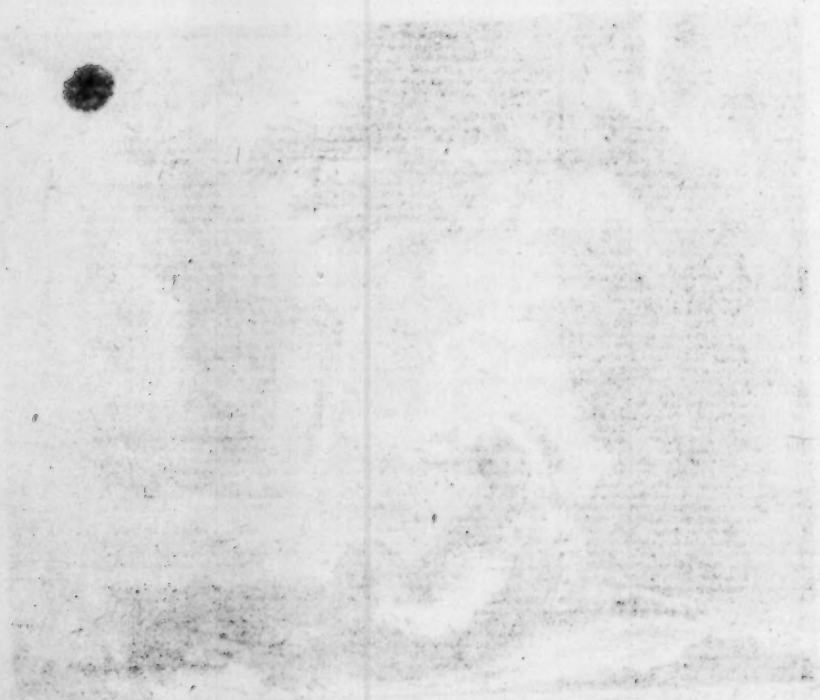




The Spaniel & the Cameleon.

A Spaniel, very pert and gay,
 Goes Out to take the Air One day;
 And, as he round the Meadow flies,
 On a Cameleon casts his Eyes.
 Lord! Sir, says he, that Shape, that Mien,
 Should no where but at Court be seen!
 A Courtier's Life long Since I try'd,
 Like you, I flatter'd, savn'd and Ly'd.
 But Lying is a Sneaking Vice,
 And the Sure Mark of Cowardice.

ARTS



London

[Faint, illegible handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

TO M^{RS} BIDDY FLOYD.

When Cupid did his Grandfire Jove intreat,
 To form some Beauty by a new Receipt,
 Jove sent, and found, far in a Country scene,
 Truth, Innocence, Good-nature, look serene;
 From which ingredients, first y^e dextrous Boy
 Pickt y^e Demure, the Awkward, and the Coy;
 The Graces from y^e Court did next provide,
 Breeding, and Wit, & Air, and decent Pride;
 These Venus cleans'd from every spurious grain
 Of Vice, Coquet, Affected, Lert, and Vain.
 Jove mixd up all, & his best Clay imployd;
 Then call'd y^e happy composition Floyd.

On the Invention of Writing.

Great was that Genius, most sublime that thought,
 Which first the Curious Art of Writing taught,
 This Image of the Voice did Man Invent,
 To make thought lasting, Reason permanent,
 Whose softest notes with Secrecy can Roll,
 To spread deep Mysteries from Pole to Pole.

in the Department of Printing

FABLE V.



The EAGLE, & the Assembly of ANIMALS.

*As JOVE his lower World Survey'd,
 Strange Murmurs did his Ears invade.
 The Fishes long'd the Plains to graze;
 The Beasts, to Skim along the Seas.
 He calls his Eagle. Tell those Creatures,
 They have free Choice to change their Natures.
 Downwards he flies, proclaims aloud,
 His high Commission to the Crowd.
 They all Stand Mute.—What! none Consent!
 For shame go home, and Live Content.*

1874

The East India Company of London

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1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a review of the literature on the topic.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 1, 1880.

His high Excellency the Lord Chamberlain

They all found their way to the

For further information, see the following pages.



13

The MALECONTENTS;
OR, THE
MORAL to the LADLE. by M^r Prior.

*This Commoner has Worth and Parts;
Is prais'd for Arms, or lov'd for Arts:
His Head akes for a Coronet;*

*And who is Bless'd, that is not Great?
Some Sense, and more Estate, kind Heaven
To this well-lotted Peer has giv'n:*

*What then? He must have Rule & Sway;
And all is wrong, till He's in Play.*

*The Miser must make up his Plumb;
And dares not touch the hoarded Sum.*

*The sickly Dotard wants a Wife,
To draw off his last Dregs of Life.*

*Against our Peace we arm our Will:
Amidst our Plenty, Something still
For Horses, Houses, Pictures, Planting.
To Thee, to Me, to Him is wanting.*

*That cruel Something, unpossess'd,
Corrodes, and leavens all the rest.*

*That Something if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future Pain:
And to the Coffin, from the Cradle,
Tis all a Wish, and all a Ladle.*





The Miser, and Plutus.

*The Miser starts, and trembling, stares.
 Waked with imaginary fears.
 Soon Qualms arise; with anxious pain,
 He thinks on his ill-gotten gain.
 For Thee, he cries, Accursed Gold.
 My Honour's lost, my Virtue Sold.
 Plutus appears:—why thus Abus'd?
 Thus curs'd, thus falsely, I accus'd?
 Know, Riches, on the Good bestow'd,
 Are Blessings, worthy of a God.*



The Difference between **VERTUE and VICE.**

Vertue's a Native Rectitude of Mind,~
Vice, the Degeneracy of Human-kind;~
Vertue is Wisdom. Solid and Divine;~
Vice is all Fool without, & Knave within:
Vertue is Honour, circumscrib'd by grace;~
Vice is made up of every thing that's base;~
Vertue has secret Charms which all Men love,
And those that do not choose her, yet approve:
Vice, like ill Pictures, which offend the Eye,~
Make those that made them their own works deny:
Vertue's the Health and Vigour of y^e Soul;
Vice is the soul Disease infects the whole;~
Vertue's the Friend of Life, y^e Soul of Health,
The Poor Man's Comfort, & y^e Rich Man's wealth.



Mr. C. J. Johnson
V. E. T. and V. E.

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The Universal Apparition.

*As a Young Rake repentant sat, —
 Deploring his Unhappy Fate, —
 The Phantom CARE thus Spoke. Be wise,
 And Health above thy Pleasure prize.
 The Youth reforms, resolves to find —
 (His Health restor'd) true peace of mind.
 He seeks the Court, the Camp, the Plain,
 To fly from CARE, but all in Vain. —
 This World is like a troubled Sea: —
 No State of Life from Sorrows free. —*



The University of London



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A Description of the
Antient Rustical
 Entertainments of y^e first ROMANS.

*Our brawny Clowns of Old, who turn'd y^e Soil,
 Content with little, and inur'd to Soil, —
 At Harvest home, with Mirth & Country-Cheer,
 Restor'd their Bodies for another Year; —
 Refresh'd their Spirits, & renew'd their Hope,
 Of such a future Feast, and future Crop. —
 Then, with their Fellow-Joggers of y^e Ploughs,
 Their little Children, & their faithful Spouse;
 A Sow they flew to Vesta's Deity: —
 And kindly Milk, Silvanus, pour'd to thee.
 With Flow'rs & Wine, their Genius they ador'd;
 A short Life, and a merry, was the Word. —
 From flowing Cups defaming Rhymes ensue,
 And at each other homely Taunts they threw.*



Account of the
British Museum

London 1793

By the
Rev. John
Barrow
Esq.



Printed by
J. Johnson
St. Pauls Church-yard
1793

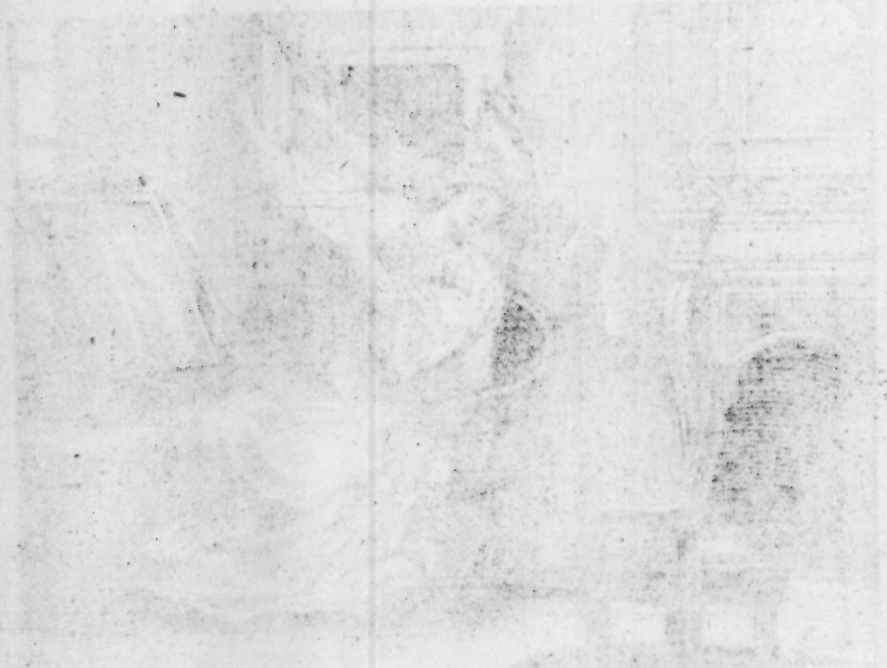
By the
Rev. John
Barrow
Esq.

FABLE VIII.

*The LADY, and the WASP. —*

As Cloe, with Affected Air,
Sat lolli'g in her Easy Chair,
An Amorous Wasp around her flew,
Perch'd on her Lip, and sipp'd the Dew.
She frowns, she frets. He makes Reply;
With Love I burn, I rage, I dye.
She Smiles, forgives: He Claps his Wings;
But, Soon she finds that Wasps have Stings.
Ladies, that are with Coxcombs great,
Mourn their ill Conduct soon or late. —

TABLE VIII



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The CHARACTER of a
Religious Lady.

*She practis'd here so much, that when she sprung
 Amidst the Choirs, at the first sight she Sung:
 Sung, and was Sung herself in Angels Lays,
 For praising her, they did her Maker praise.
 All Offices of Heav'n so well she knew,
 Before she came, that Nothing there was new;
 And she was so familiarly receiv'd,
 As One returning, not as One Arriv'd.*

THE
Character of a Beauty.

*Her faultless form no secret Stains disgrace;
 A beauteous Mind, unblemish'd as her Face:
 Not painted, and Adorn'd, to Varnish Sin;
 Without all Goodness, all Divine within.
 By truth Maintaining what by Love she got;
 A Heav'n without a Cloud, a Sun without a spot.*

THE LADY OF THE LAKES
1800

My dear Sir,
I have the pleasure to inform you
that the above mentioned
picture has been sold for
the sum of £1000.
I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. M. W. Turner



8 DE 73

My dear Sir,
I have the pleasure to inform you
that the above mentioned
picture has been sold for
the sum of £1000.
I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. M. W. Turner



The FOX at the POINT of DEATH.

*A feeble Fox, with Age decay'd,
Thus, as he lay expiring, Sayd.
What would I give, my Sons, to find,
In my last moments, peace of mind?
Take my Advice: lost Fame restore:
Live honest, and Offend no more. —*

*A Fox reply'd, you preach in Vain:
Nature repell'd, recoils again: —
An innate vicious Taint we have, —
Which we all carry to Our Grave. —*





The Foxglove Plant



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Variety of Deaths

Extracted from an ODE of M^r Prior's.

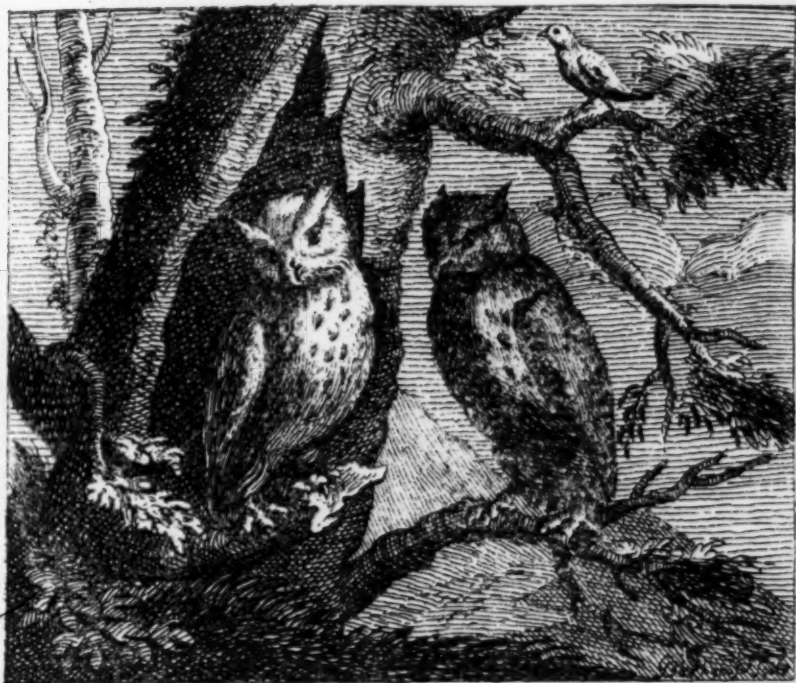
*Some, from y^e stranded Vessel, force their way;
 Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the Sea:
 Some, who escape the Fury of the Wave,
 Sicken on Earth, and sink into a Grave.
 In Journeys, or at home; in War, or Peace;
 By Hardships Many, Many fall by Ease.
 Each changing Season does its Poison bring;
 Rheums chill y^e Winter; Agues blast y^e Spring:
 Wet, Dry, Cold, Hot, at the appointed Hour,
 All act subservient to the Tyrant's Power:
 And when obedient Nature knows his Will,
 A Fly, a Grape-stone, or a Hair can kill.
 For restless Proserpine for ever treads,
 In Paths unseen, o'er our devoted Heads.
 And on the spacious Land & liquid Main
 Spreads slow Disease, or darts afflictive Pain:
 Variety of Deaths confirms her endless Reign.*



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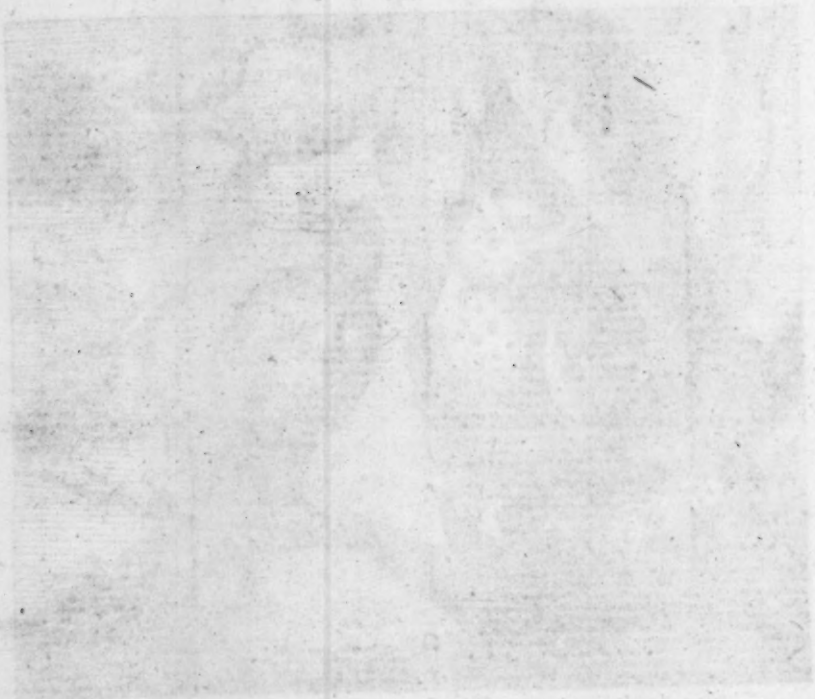


The Two Owls, & the Sparrow.

Two formal Owls, with pride elate, —
 Thus, in deep sighs, bemoan'd their Fate.
 How vicious is our Modern Taste! —
 Owls were rever'd in Ages past. —
 Rightly Observ'd. — But now no Bird
 Is more contemn'd, or less preferr'd. —

Hard by, a pert, Young Sparrow sat,
 And thus broke in upon their Chat. —
 Be Humbler, Sirs. — Fools are, we find,
 To their own Imperfections blind. —

TABLE



The following table shows the results of the experiments made with the various kinds of gas.



The following table shows the results of the experiments made with the various kinds of gas. The first column gives the name of the gas, the second column the volume of gas used, the third column the volume of gas produced, and the fourth column the weight of the gas produced. The results show that the volume of gas produced is always greater than the volume of gas used, and that the weight of the gas produced is always greater than the weight of the gas used.

A SIMILE.

23

By M^r Prior.

Dear Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy Head into a Tinman's Shop;
There, Thomas, didst thou never see
(Tis but by way of Simile) —

A Squirrel spend his little Rage,
In jumping round a rolling Cage? —

The Cage, as either side turn'd up,
Striking a Ring of Bells a-top —?

Mov'd in the Orb, pleas'd with y^e Chimes,
The foolish Creature thinks he climbs: —

But here or there, turn Wood or Wire,
He never gets two Inches higher. —

So fares it with those merry Blades,
That frisk it under Pindus' Shades;
In noble Songs, and lofty Odes, —

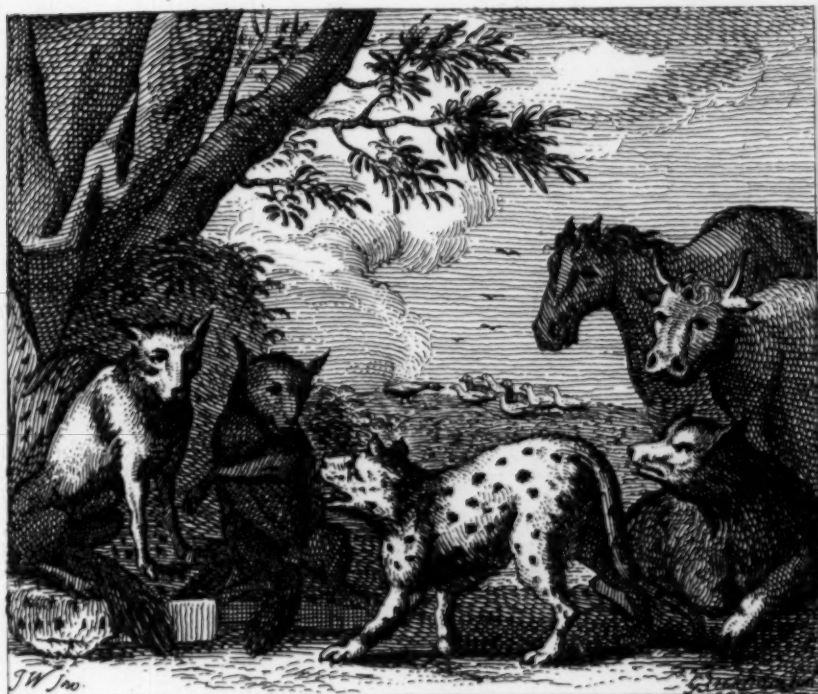
They tread on Stars, and talk with Gods:
Still Dancing in an airy Round, —

Still pleas'd with their own Verses sound;
Brought back, how fast so e'er they go;
Always aspiring, always low. —

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The LYON, the FOX, & the GEESE.

*A Lyon, sick of Pomp, made known
His Royal Will to quit the Throne.
A Council's call'd: Debates arise:—
At last, a Fox his place Supplies. —*

*All promise future Halcyon days;
And Trophies to his Merit raise. —*

*A Goose, who at some distance stood,
Thus whisper'd to the listning Brood.
When Flattery her Art displays. —
The Wise are jealous of her Praise. —*

1871 A.D.



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A Description OF THE MORNING.

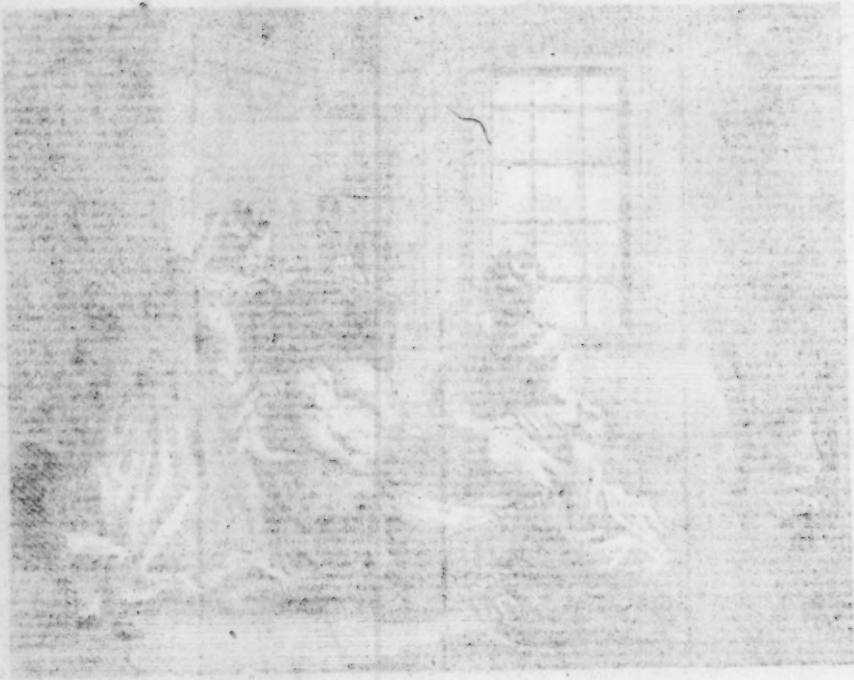
Now hardly here & there an Hackney-Coach, —
 Appearing, shew'd y^e ruddy Morn's approach. —
 Now Betty from her Masters' bed had flown, —
 And softly stole to discompose her own. —
 The slipshod Prentice from his Masters' door, —
 Had par'd the dirt, & sprinkled round the floor. —
 Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
 Prepar'd to scrub the Entry and the Stairs. —
 The Youth with broomy stumps began to trace, —
 The Kennel-edge, where wheels had worn y^e place. —
 The Small-coal-Man was heard with cadence deep,
 Till drown'd in shriller notes of Chimney-sweep. —
 Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet, —
 And brick-dust Moll had scream'd thro' half y^e street.
 The Turnkey now his Flock returning fees, —
 Duely let out a nights to Steal for Fees. —
 The watchful Bailiffs take their silent stands, —
 And School-Boys lag with Satchels in their hands.





The MOTHER, the NURSE & the FAIRY.

With weeping Eyes a Nurse Survey'd —
 Her Infant-Charge, and trembling, said.
 A Fairy has my Baby Stole,
 And left behind a perfect Fool.
 Bless my Dear Boy! the Mother cries,
 The Wench is Mad, has lost her Eyes.
 Perch'd on the Cradles' top, a Sprite
 Spoke frowning, visible to sight.
 Nurse, You your partial fondness shew —
 Fairys are Doatards all, like You. —



THE MOTHER OF THE FIRST OF FAIRY.

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CUPID Mistaken.

*As after Noon one Summer's Day,
 Venus stood bathing in a River:
 Cupid a-shooting went that way,
 New strung his Bow, new fill'd his Quiver.*

*With Skill he chose his sharpest Dart;
 With all his Might his Bow he drew:
 Aim'd at his beauteous Parents' Heart;
 With certain Speed the Arrow flew.*

*I faint, I die, the Goddess cry'd:
 O cruel, could'st thou find none other
 To wrack thy Spleen on? Parricide!
 Like Nero, thou hast slain thy Mother.*

*Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak:
 Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye:
 Alas! how easie my Mistake?
 I took you for your Likeness, Chloe.*

PLANTAGINACEAE

Plantago lanceolata L.
Common Plantain
Stems erect, leafy, branched at top.
Leaves lanceolate, entire, sessile.
Flowers small, tubular, in dense terminal spikes.
Fruit a nutlet, enclosed in a persistent宿存花被.
Cultivated for food, especially the leaves.
Also used in medicine for its mucilaginous juice.
The leaves are also used for wrapping food.
The flowers are used for making a tea.
The fruit is used for making a powder.

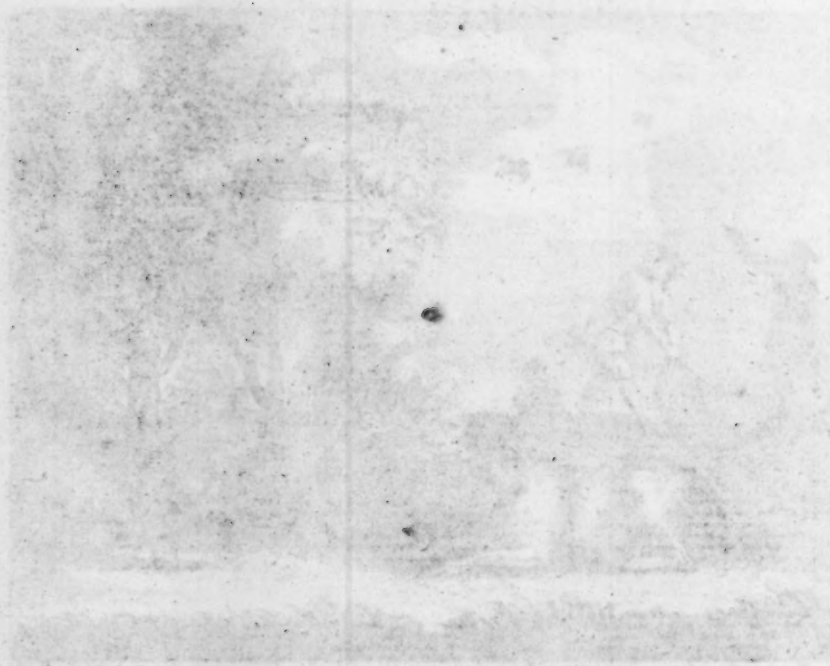




The SETTING DOG, & the PARTRIDGE.

*A Fowler's DOG, with curious Eye, —
 Looks round, & points the Covey high.
 His treacherous Arts a Partridge spies,
 And timely warns the Flock to rise:
 They Mount, with murmurs fill'd y^e skies.)*
*Why should the DOG pursue us so?
 Be such a Sly, ungenerous Foe? —
 But Servants, prone to ill, betimes
 Mimick with pride their Master's crimes.*





THE SETTING DOG



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Round-hand Alphabets.

Aaabbccdddeefffgggghhhiijkkllmm
nnnooppqqrrrrssttuuvvwwxxxyyyz.

A B C D E F G H I K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z.

Italian Alphabets.

Aaabbmccmddmceffmggmhhyikkllm
nnnoompqqrrrrssttuumvwmwmxxyyz.

A B C D E F G H I K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z.

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Sentences in Round-hand.

Pursue useful and profitable Studies.

Retirement is the truest enjoyment.

Esteem him who teacheth you Wisdom.

Faithful are the Words of a Friend.

Sentences in Italian.

Diversions if innocent are laudable. C.

Humility is the foundation of all Virtue.

Musick and Painting polish the Mind.

Only by Pride cometh Contention. M.



German Text.

A b c d e f f g h i j k l l m
n o p q r r s s t t u v w x n n z.

A B C D E F G H I
J K L M N O P Q
R S T U V W X Y Z.

Only Virtue attaineth
to everlasting Blessedness.

Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a title or header, written in a cursive script.

Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a Latin phrase, spanning two lines.

Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a Latin phrase, spanning three lines. A circular stamp is visible in the center of this section.



Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a Latin phrase, spanning two lines at the bottom of the page.

Old English Print.

A a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P
Q R S T U V W X Y Z.

Roman Print.

A a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

A B C D E F G H I K L M N
O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z.

Italick Print.

A a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

*A B C D E F G H I K L M N O
P Q R S T U V W X Y Z.*

FINIS.